

The Historie

Hot. That Roane shal be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What saist thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

La. Out you madhedded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are tost with. In faith, ile know your busines Harry, that I wil, I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you goe,

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, answere mee directly, vnto this question that I shall aske: in faith, ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trisler, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world

To play with mainmets, and to tilt with lips;

We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes,

And passe them currant too: gods me, my horse:

What saist thou Kate? what woldst thou haue with mee?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?

Well, doe not then, for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue mee?

Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare,

I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whither I goe, nor reason, whereabout:

Whither I must, I must, and to conclude,

This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate:

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecie,

No Lady closer, for I well belecue,

Thou wilt not vtter, what thou dost not know:

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, so far?

of Henry

Hot. Not an inch further, but
Whither I goe, thither shall y
To day will I set forth, to morrow
Will this content you, Kate?

La. It must of force.

Enter Prince

Prin. Ned, prethee come out
thy hand to laugh a little.

Poi. Where hast bin, Hal?

Prin. With three or foure l
fourescore hogsheds. I haue
humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne b
can call them all by their christe
Francis: they take it already vp
be but Prince of Wales, yet I a
flatly, I am no proud Iacke, lik
lad of mettall, a good boy, (by
when I am King of England, I
in Eastcheape. They call drink
when you breathe in your water
play it off. To conclude, I am l
ter of an houre, that I can drink
language, during my life. I tell
honour, that thou wert not with
Ned, to sweeten which name of
of sugar, clapt euen now into
one that neuer spake other Eng
lings and sixe pence, and you a
ditiō, anon, anon sir; skore a pin
or so. But Ned, to driue away
prethee, doe thou stand in some
puny drawer, to what end he g
neuer leaue calling Frances, th
but anon: step aside, and ile sho

Poi. Frances.

Prin. Frances.

Fran. Anon, anon sir. Loo
Ralph.

Hot.